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To

TOYS AND JOYS



DORIS BURDICK

By OLIVE MANN REAMS



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TO

TOYS AND JOYS





DORIS BURDICK.

"CRAMS EACH LITTLE STOCKING FULL WITH TOYS"

See page 33]

TOYS AND JOYS

Rhymes for Sleepy Times

BY

OLIVE MANN REAMS

PICTURES BY DORIS BURDICK



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no 1

TO TWO DEAR LITTLE GIRLS

RUTH AND CAROLYN

WHO HAVE LOVED THESE VERSES
PORTRAYING THEIR VERY OWN TOYS AND FROLICS
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THEIR
MOTHER

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TOYS AND JOYS



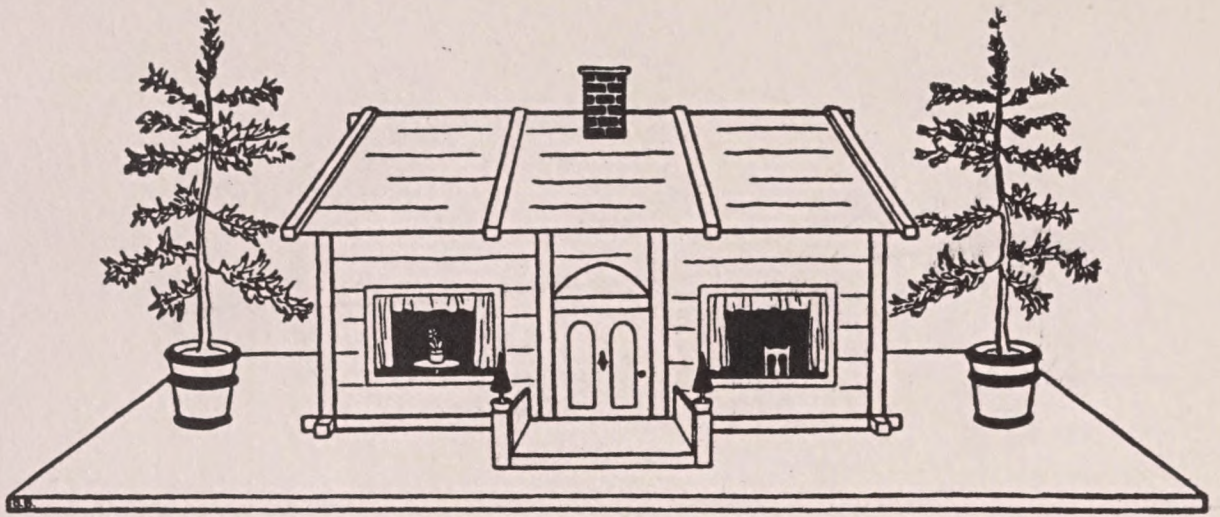
DOLLIES OF MINE

Hearts of my heart,
Never to part,
Dollies of mine.

In storm or in shine
You make all the days fine,
Dollies of mine.

Rosalie, Dotty of dimple fame,
Baby Doll, Boy Doll—of no special name—
My dolly antique called Barbara Ann,
Another is just a wee maid of Japan!
There's my doll Antoinette with short hair all a-curl,
She once belonged to mama when she was a girl;
And last but not least,
Is Bo-Peep—minus sheep—
She is stuffed just with rags,
But I love her a heap;
And when I grow up,
Every one I shall keep.

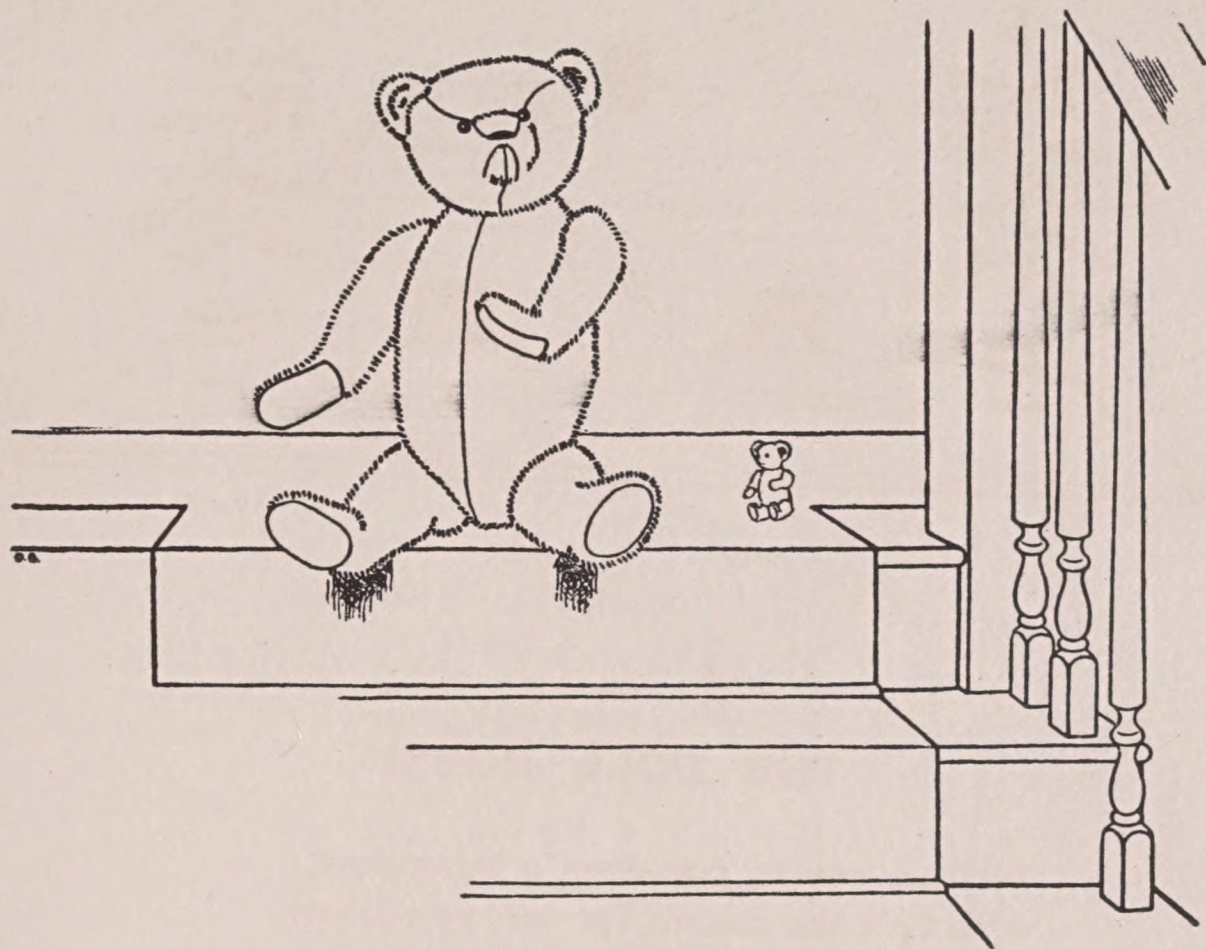
Hearts of my heart,
Never to part,
Dollies of mine.



THE DOLL HOUSE

Neither castle, nor even a bungalow,
Has half the charm for me, you know,
As that dear little nest with nary a mouse,
The pride of the nursery,
My little Doll House.

I love every bit from chimney to floor,
I love every window and each little door.
'Course they're not really in it,
But why make a touse;
You're the pride of my heart—
You little Doll House!



THE TEDDY BEARS

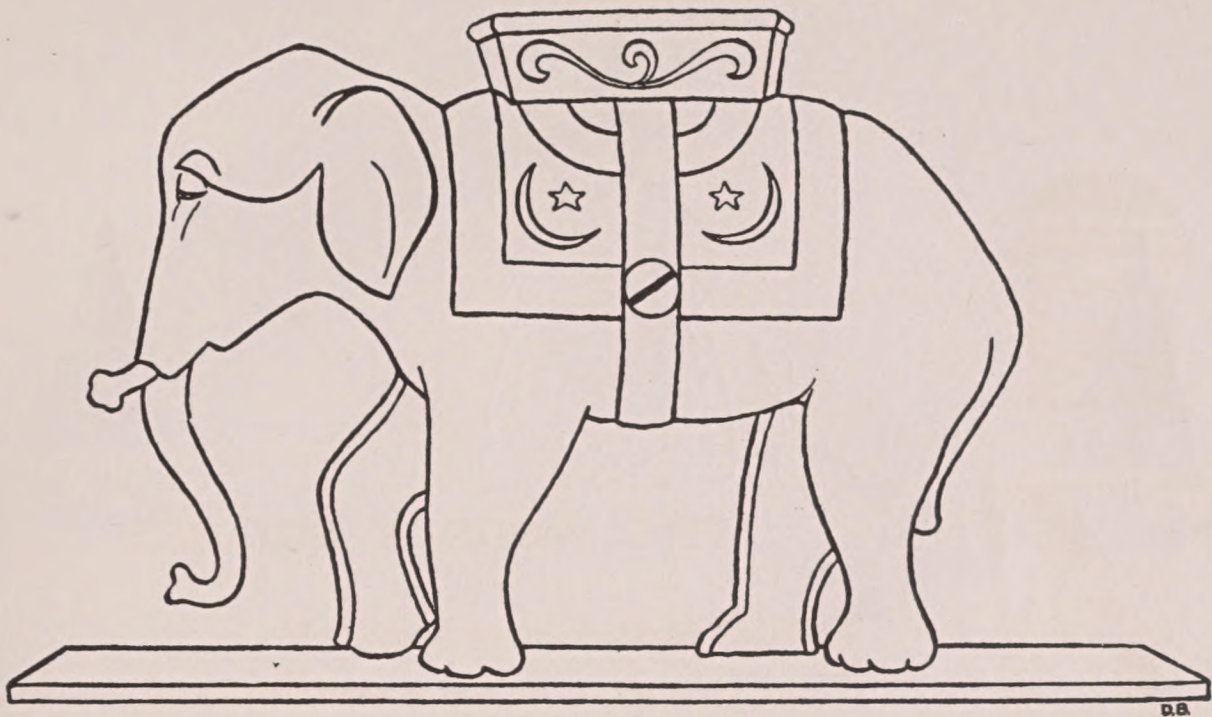
Now, who is that sitting on the very top stair?
Why, that's my own darling Teddy Bear!

What's that beside him like a tiny weed?
Why, that's my dear Teddy gone to seed!



THE WOODEN SOLDIER

Soldier Man, I have been told
That you were of old a warrior bold;
But where is your sword?
And where is your gun?
If you saw the foe,
Would you want to run?
You relic of a vanquished race,
At last we meet you face to face.
Once you were of iron and blood,
You're now but a colored block of wood!



THE ELEPHANT BANK

One - two - three - four!
No! I'll not give, you greedy thing,
One penny more!

You take all my money
As a bee gathers honey.

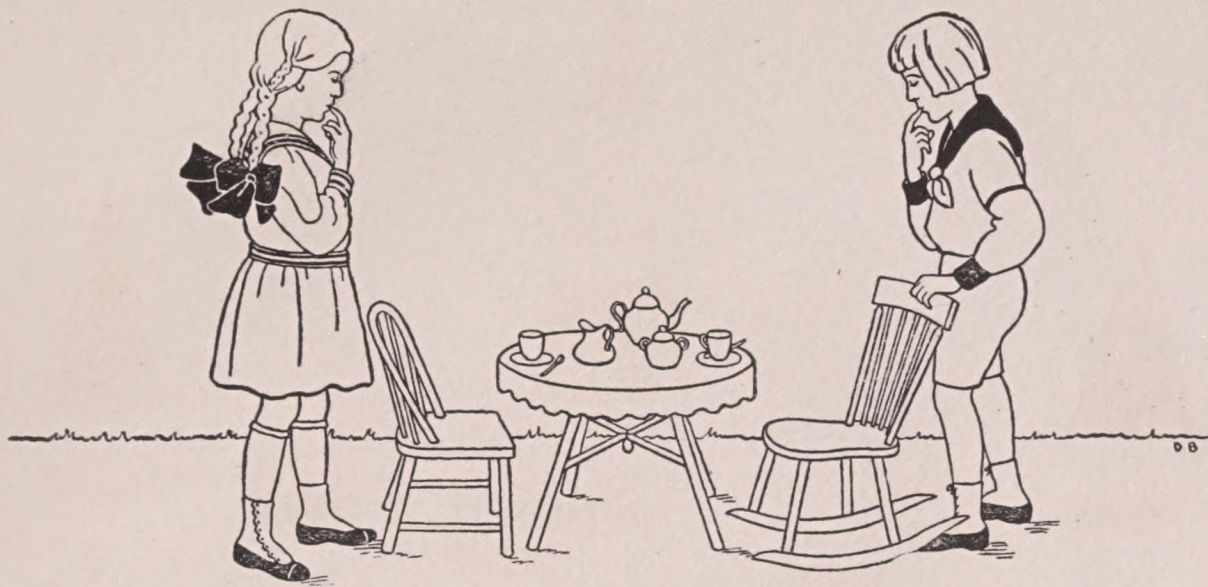
It falls with a clank
In your empty old tank!

What a miserly crank
Is my Elephant Bank!



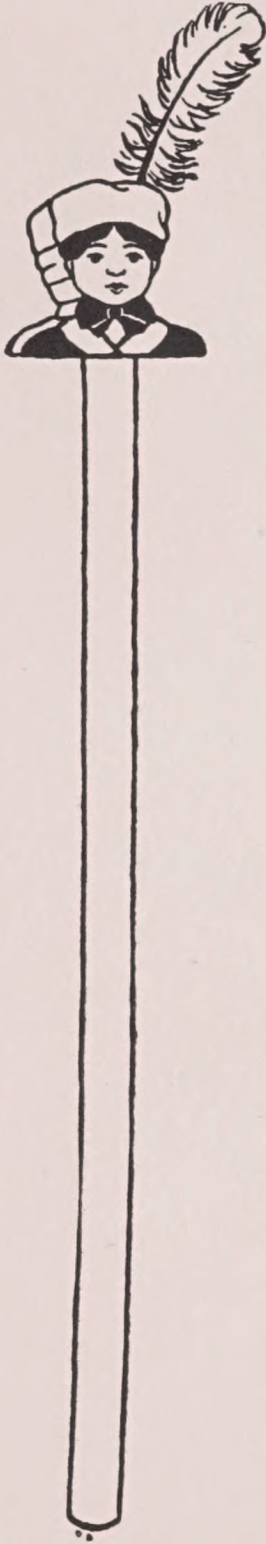
THE OLD WOMAN AND HER GEESE

Now, children dear, this woman old,
Turned all her goosies loose.
Pray can you tell me, little folks,
Which is the Biggest Goose?



A TABLE, TWO CHAIRS, AND A TEA SET

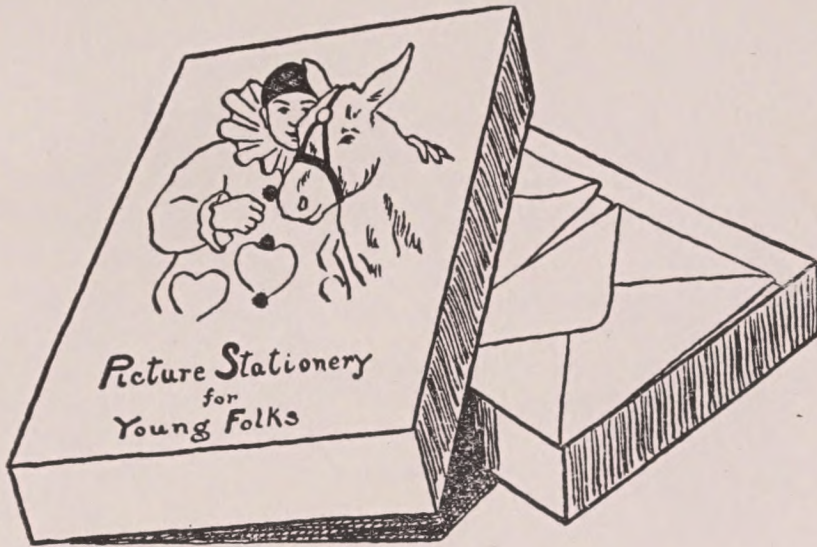
Here we are all fixed, you see,
A table, two chairs, and a pot of tea.
Don't the chairs look empty as empty can be?
Then sit down, Little Man, Little Maid, and be
A little party of two for tea.



THE PENCIL

Although I'm long and slender,
And can boast nary a joint,
Take Daddy's knife and sharpen me,
You're sure to see the "point."

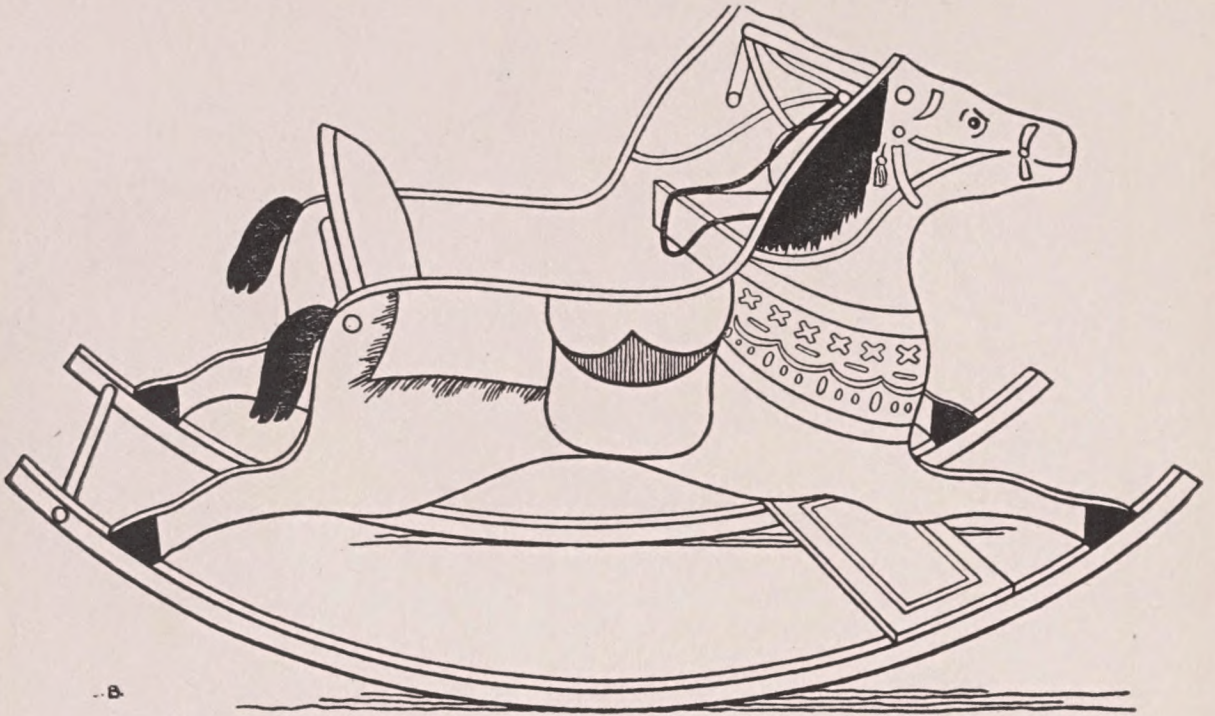
I also have a head on me,
Try coaxing me instead,
For though a pen has to be pushed,
A pencil may be le(a)d.



G.B.

A BOX OF STATIONERY

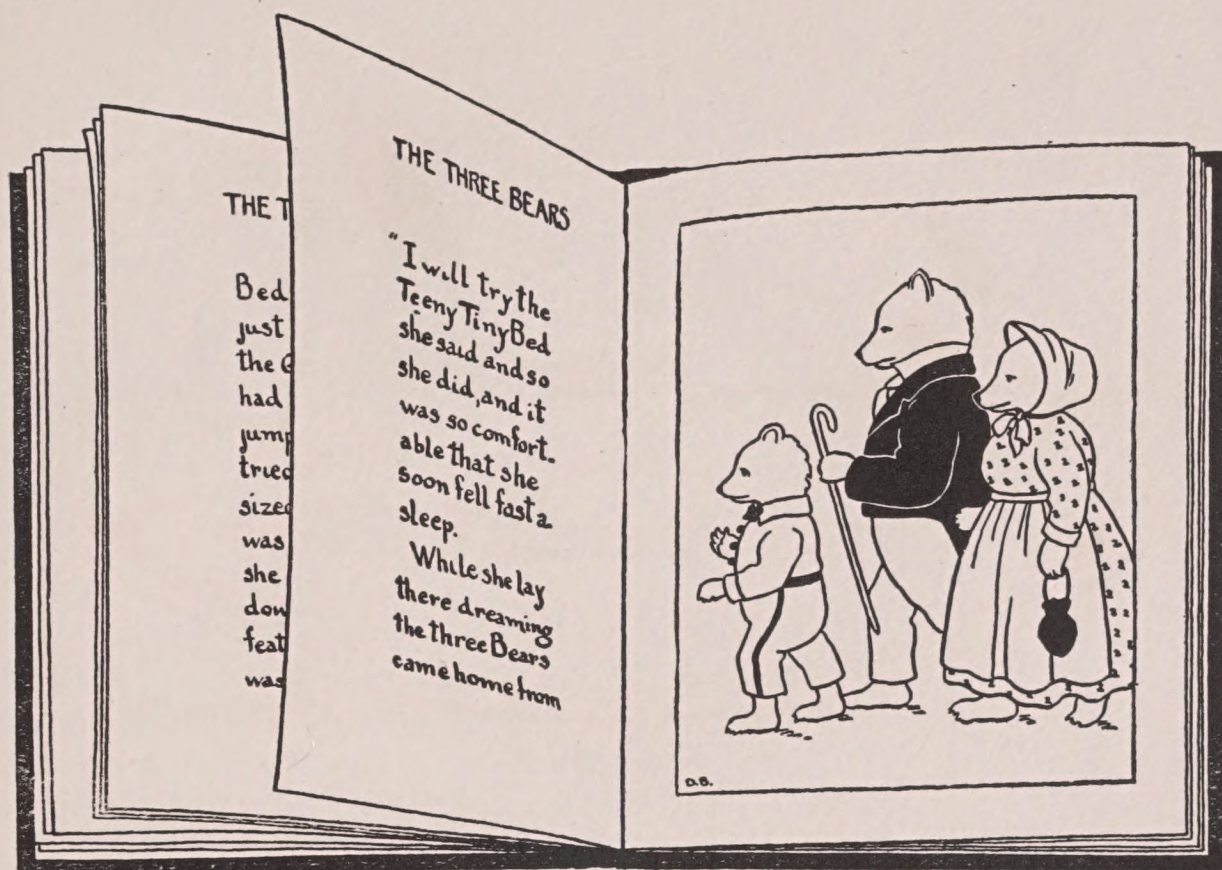
Now here's a pun that is to me
Just as "punny" as can be;
How can a box move all around,
And yet be "sta-tion-er-ee"?



THE ROCKING HORSE

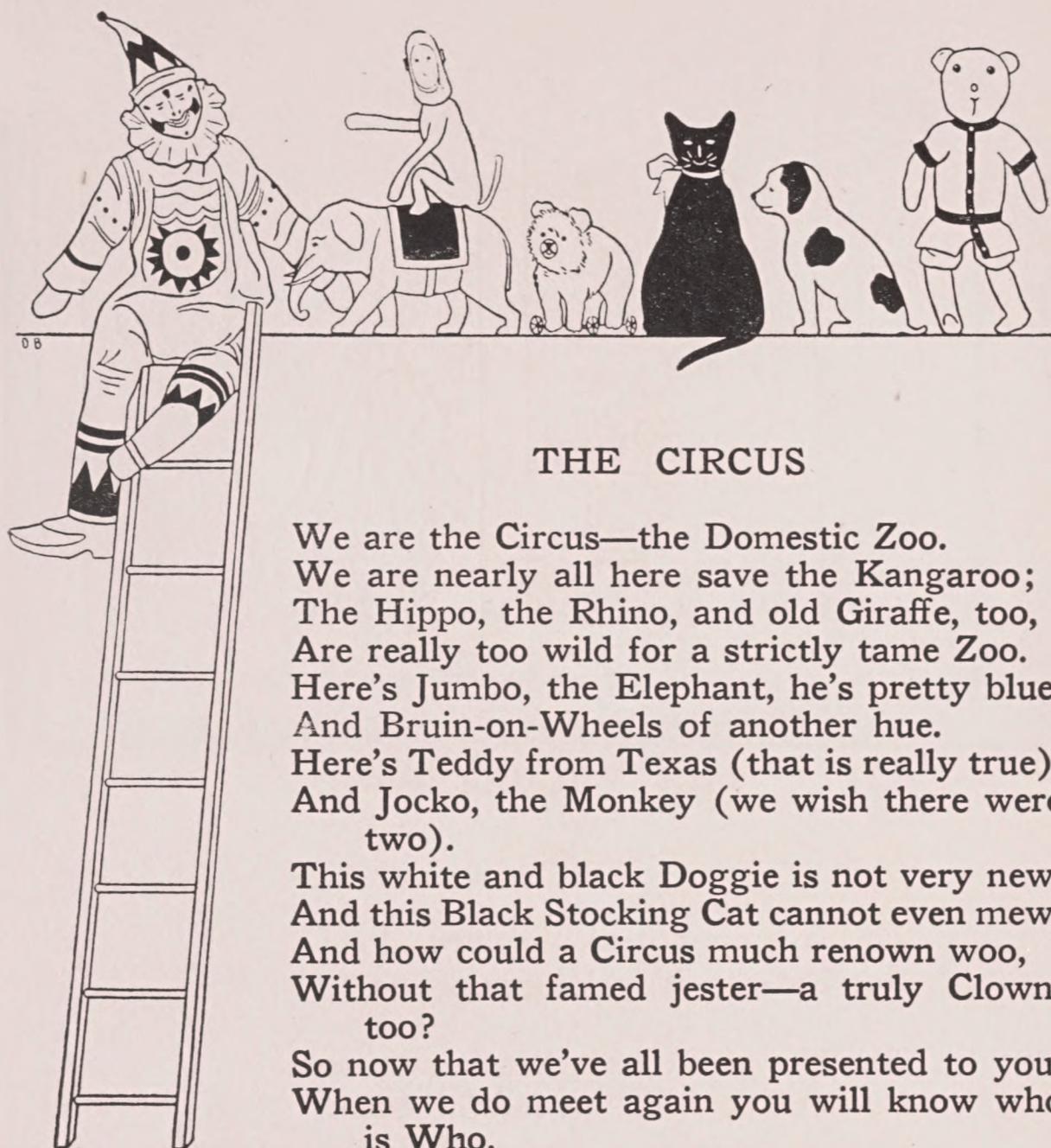
To and fro—to and fro,
Hop aboard if you want to go!
Over the hills and far away,
Yet never from your door-yard stray.

From Boston to France
I'll take you on the prance;
Wherever you will,
Yet I always stand still.



A BOOK

I'm only just a little Book,
So must not put on airs.
Yet—if I'm only just a "Book,"—
Why call me "The Three Bears"!

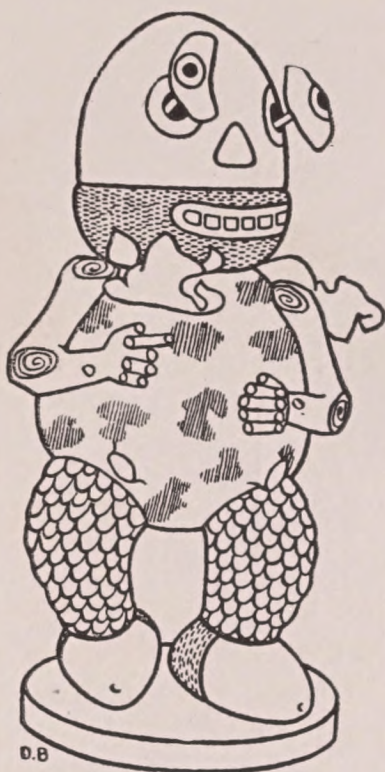


THE CIRCUS

We are the Circus—the Domestic Zoo.
We are nearly all here save the Kangaroo;
The Hippo, the Rhino, and old Giraffe, too,
Are really too wild for a strictly tame Zoo.
Here's Jumbo, the Elephant, he's pretty blue,
And Bruin-on-Wheels of another hue.
Here's Teddy from Texas (that is really true),
And Jocko, the Monkey (we wish there were two).

This white and black Doggie is not very new,
And this Black Stocking Cat cannot even mew.
And how could a Circus much renown woo,
Without that famed jester—a truly Clown,
too?

So now that we've all been presented to you,
When we do meet again you will know who
is Who.

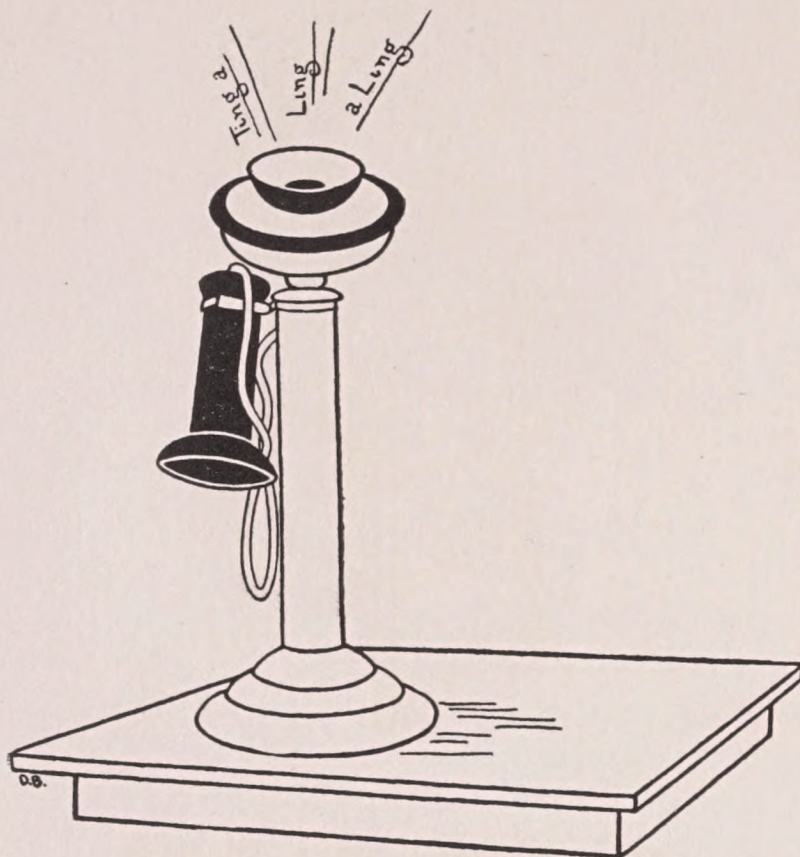


THE WIGGLEY-WOO

Why "How-do-you-do,"
Here I am, too.
To leave me out would never do,
For I'm the jolly Wiggley-woo!

The like of me ne'er before was seen,
I'd have no eyes but for the bean.
They're hung on a wire and wiggle and shake,
From this funny feature my name I take.

The rest of me is a good deal like a knob;
Some people call me a "thing-a-ma-bob"!
And although I'm not pretty like a doll,
I'd rather be me than just "nothing-at-all."



THE TELEPHONE

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

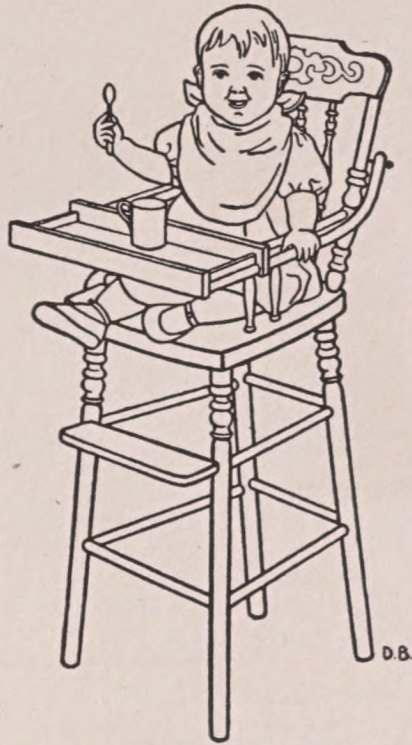
Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

Why don't you answer me when I ring!

The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker,
Are right on hand when I start to caper.

Doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief,
Are at my beck and call for I am chief.

But the thing I do that's best of all,
Is when I tell company's coming to call.



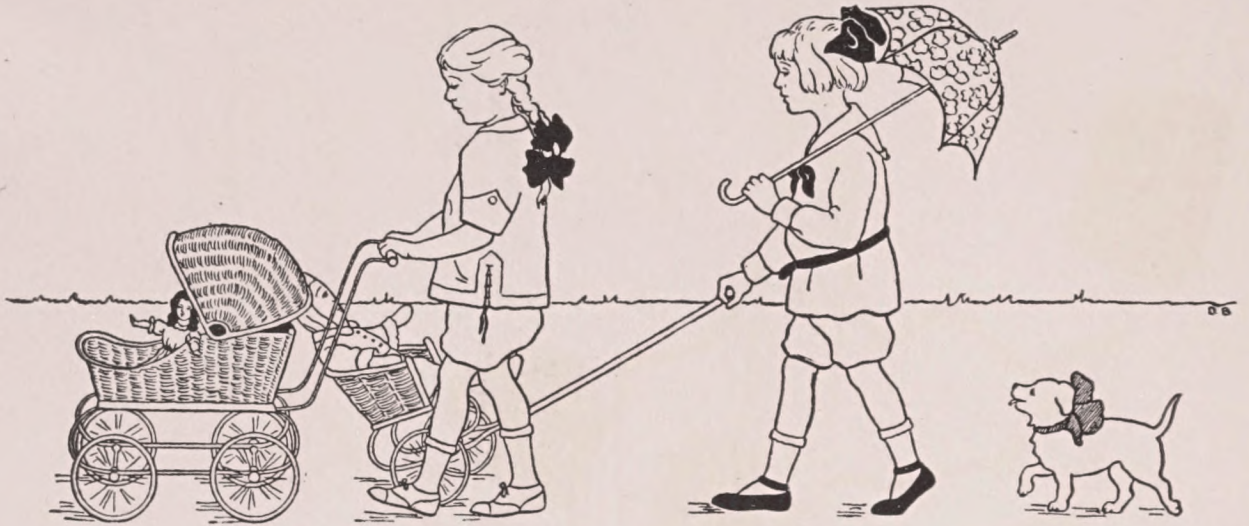
MY OWN HIGH CHAIR

High Chair mine, you a story could tell,
Of my nursery days in my prison cell.

How I'd bellow and screech,
For things just out of reach,
Of my crackers and milk,
That seemed finer than silk,
Which I ate every day,
Off your motherly tray.

Oh, struggling, stumbling High Chair days!
Oh, teething, teasing High Chair days!

Do you remember the time when down pell-mell,
Like Jack, I smashed my poor crown when I fell?



MY DOLL CARRIAGE AND SULKY

As I can't go like an automobile,
They push me, so guess I'm a "push-amobile."
And in the same family, though not so bulky,
Is my sister; she's cross, they call her little "sulky."

But we both are good friends of the doll family,
And always on hand at their bidding, are we;
We hold them as snug as bugs in a rug,
And when their mamas aren't looking,—
We give them a hug!

Round and round upon the ground,
Our wheels gaily go without a sound.
And the dollies and their mamas smile,
As we travel together, mile after mile.



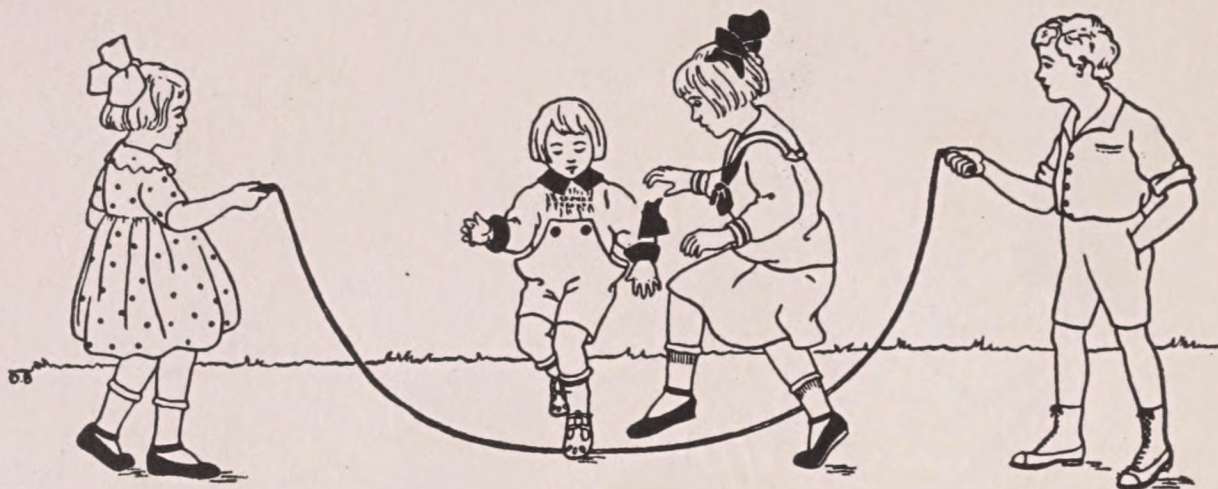
CANDY

Chocolate creams, peppermint sticks,
Lolly-pops, with plenty of licks.
Anything sweet at all that's handy,
That's the way that I love candy!

Mama says it's not good for me,
But on that point we don't agree,
'Cause how could little girls like me
Live long without things "sugar-ee"?

Every night when Papa comes home,
He calls me his little "sugar plum."
He likes candy—'tis plain as can be—
Else why does he like sweet things like me?

When I grow up I'm going to be
A candy-store man because, you see,
Since girls are made of candy and spice,
They need things nice and sweet, to keep sweet and nice!



JUMPING ROPE

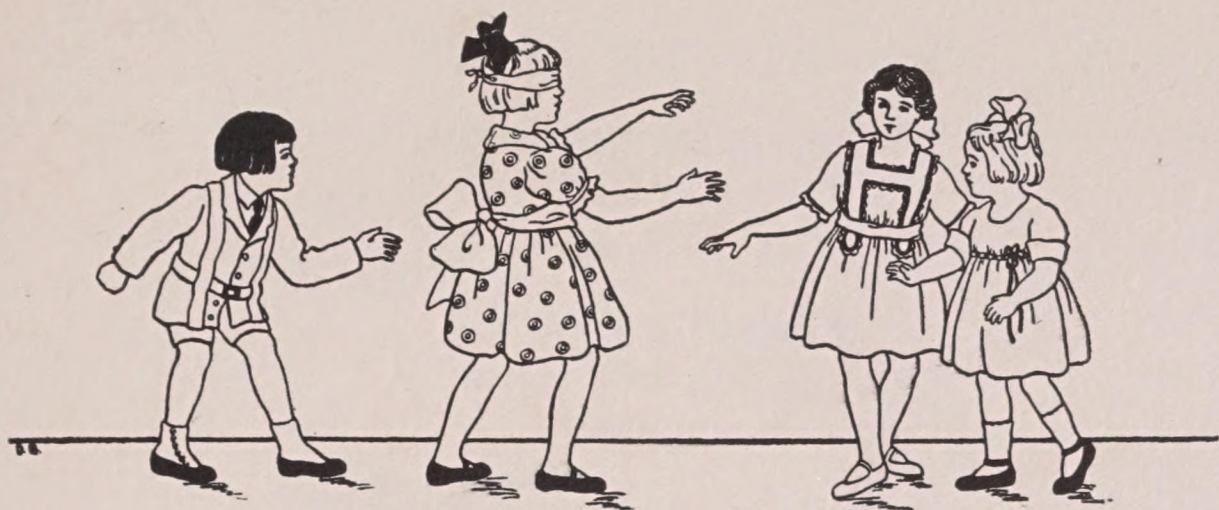
Jumping rope,
Jumping rope,
For no greater fun can I ever hope!

Everybody in,
Everybody out,
How I do love to go jumping about!

Vinegar—mustard,
Pepper—salt,
Jumping all four without a halt!

Boys in—girls in,
All together,
All jumping rope at once, light as a feather!

Front door—back door,
Easy as pie.
Everybody out—let the old cat die!



BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Blind-fold me—turn thrice around,
Nobody must make a sound!

Guessing—pressing dimpled faces,
Oh, this is Ruth—I know her laces!

Now she's IT. (Dear little sister!
Do you wonder Tommy kissed her?)

Oh, I can never get enough
Of playing games like Blind Man's Buff!

AT THE BEACH

Gleaming white sand,
Shovels in hand,
At the beach.

Finding sea-shells,
Digging salt wells,
At the beach.

Waves come dashing,
Kiddies splashing,
At the beach.

Little wet feet,
Red as a beet,
At the beach.

Crab gets a toe,
And he won't let go,
At the beach.

In and out the boat,
All over the float,
At the beach.

Got your best wish,
Caught a big fish,
At the beach.

Sis has a blister,
Old Sol kissed her,
At the beach.

Let's be off and away,
For another glad day,
At the beach.



"AT THE BEACH"



COASTING

When the days are hot and roasting,
How I love to think of coasting,
Down our hill!

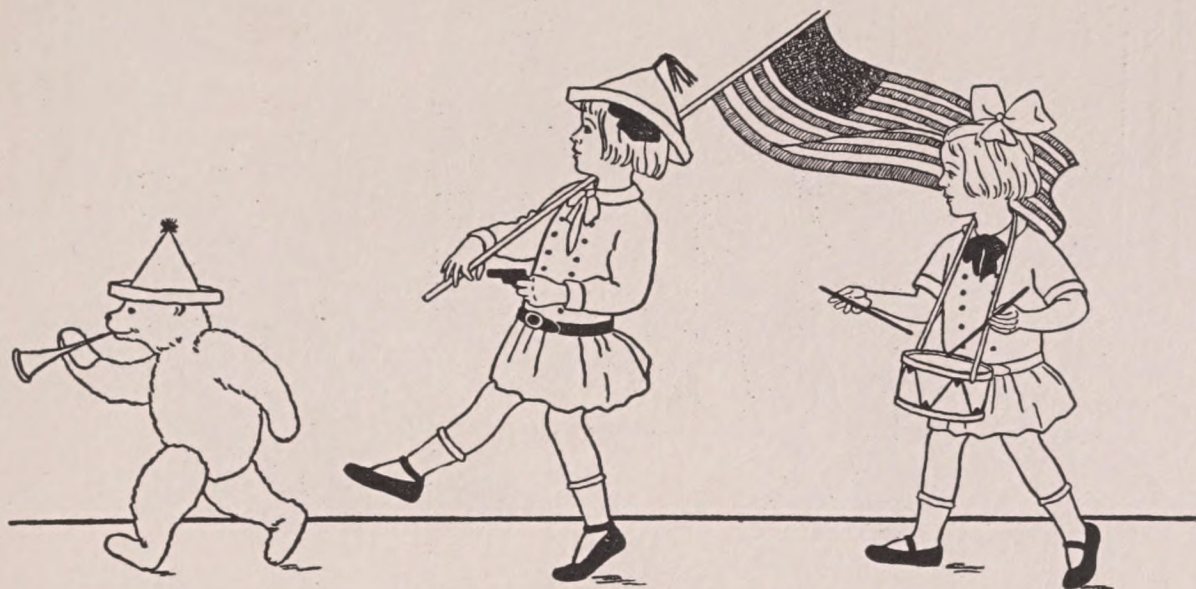
When Jack Frost can nip our noses,
And the snow is on the roses,
Then we will!

Down the hill we'll come a-humming,
With our hearts and pulses strumming,
Yes, we will!

The way we take the curves and corners,
We don't have to beg for honors,
Never will!

When the cold makes faces tingle,
And sleigh-bells are all a-jingle,
How I thrill!

When I think of sleds and coasting,
And our toes and apples toasting,
Can't keep still!

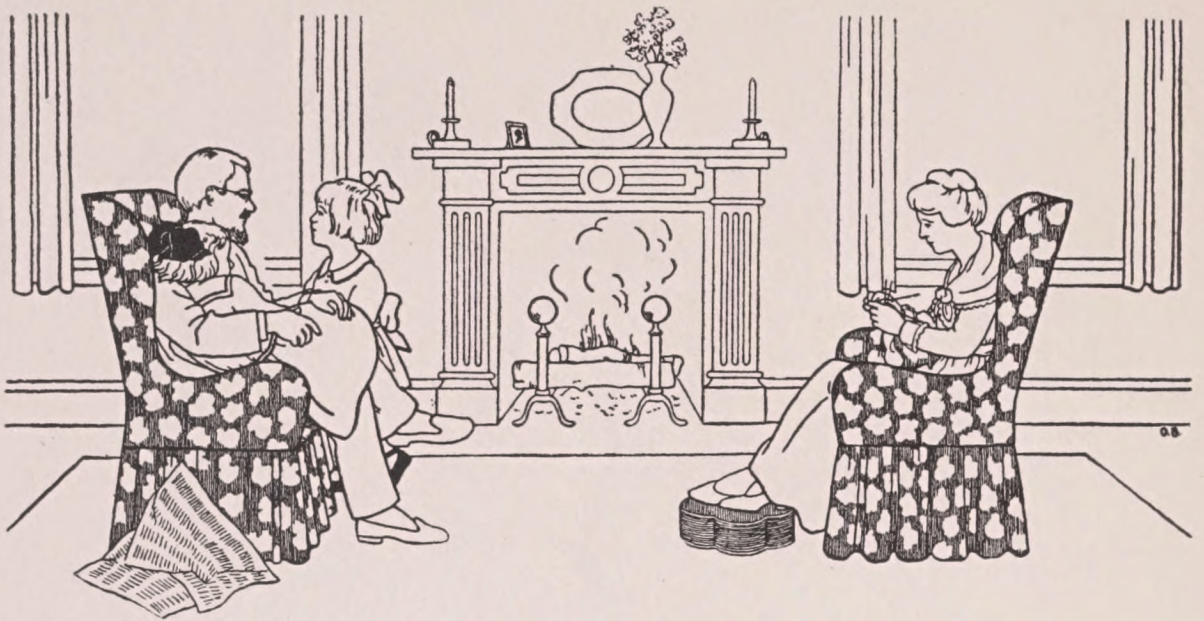


THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

This is the day for lots of noise,
For girls to make as well as boys.
And when it comes to fire-crackers,
You can't say that we are slackers!

How we do love to beat a drum,
Guess we could make your ear-drums hum!
Guess we could alway blow a horn,
Since the day that we were born.

With pistols, sparklers, and repeaters,
Torpedoes loud,—it's hard to beat us.
So all must help U. S. for many years hence,
To hold 'gainst the world our Independence.



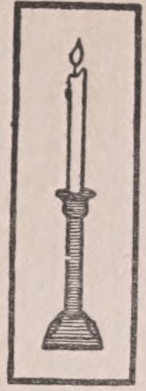
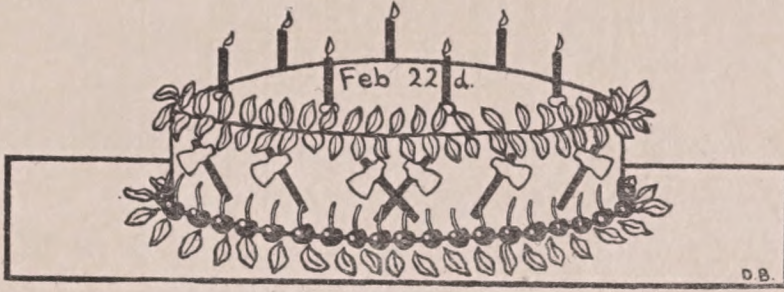
GRANDPAS AND GRANDMAS

Now when it comes to spoiling us,
And making a great deal of fuss,
Who does this you would never guess,—
'Tis Grandpa and Grandma, we must confess.

We like it, you can place your wagers,
We stand heaps of loving like little majors.
Grandpa (imagine) says we're his big "boys,"
While Grandma declares we're her "lasting joys."

To sit on our dear Grandpa's knee,
Is the very best place in the world to be;
Unless it is night-time, then we like to creep
And snuggle up warmly by Grandma to sleep.

Such nice long stories they can tell,
They know our particular tastes so well.
They always keep candy in the bureau drawer too,
Oh, I do love Grandpas and Grandmas, don't you!



MY BIRTHDAY PARTY

Want to hear about my party?
I'd like to tell you if I may,
Had so many little friends come
On George Washington's birthday.

First we marched with flags a-flying,
While we sang—the bands defying.
Then we stood with grandest manner,
Saluting our tri-colored banner.

Next my presents I must see.
What nice things they'd all brought me!
They watched me open each little token;
Had they been forgotten my heart would have broken.

And oh! such pretty things I did spy,
There were ribbons on my hair to tie;
And games and cut-out dolls galore,
Candy, handkerchiefs, and many things more.

Just then little Mary, in my rocking chair,
Went over backwards with both legs high in air.
We laughed and laughed until we cried,
She couldn't have been funnier had she tried.

On the donkey then we pinned a tail,
Or tried to, for we'd mostly fail.
One kiddie pinned it to his eyes,
Came nearest, so she won the prize!

We had more games, all fast and furious;
But now everybody seemed most curious.
Every little while they'd go and steal a peek,
In the dining room—I was too s'prised to speak!

But all at once the lights went out,
And 'fore we knew what 'twas about,
Before our eyes (could we be dreaming?)
Stood the table—all the candles gleaming!

The trimmings were all white and red,
For place cards, we had hatchets instead.
There were caps and streamers, and oh my!
In the middle was a cherry pie!

We ate ice cream until we ached,
With the birthday cake mama had baked.
We had sandwiches, candy, and hot chocolate too,
Oh, I wish parties never would end, don't you?



CHRISTMAS

To every clime
Comes Christmas time,
Season of merriment and fun,
Over, alas! as soon as begun.

Santa Claus, jolly old elf,
Loves children as he loves himself.
"Love" holds the reins o'er his reindeer band,
As they travel by night all over the land.

He squeezes down their chimneys tight,
And chuckles with glee like a mischievous sprite,
Crams each little stocking full with toys
For his sweet little girls and his darling boys;

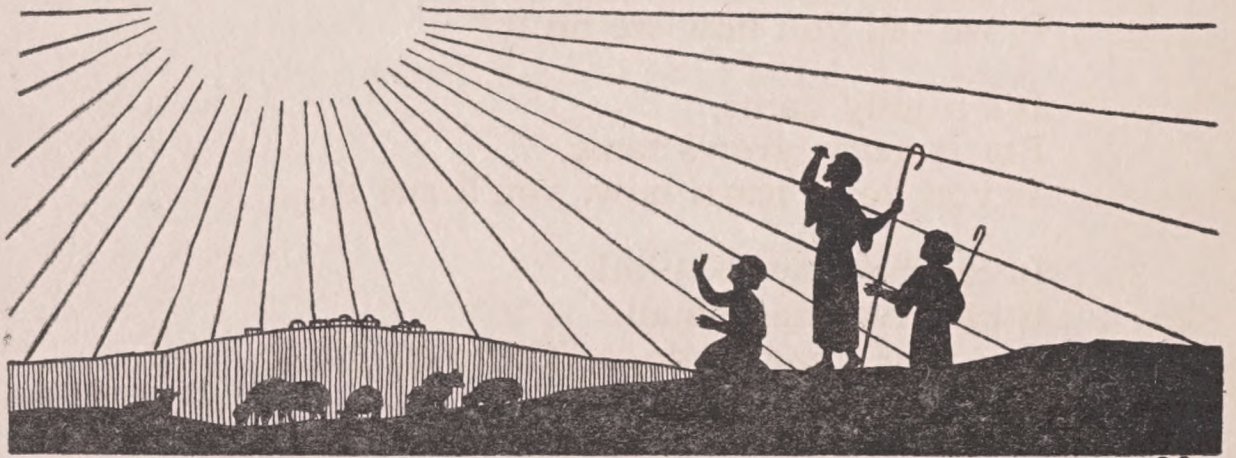
Sprinkles star-dust on the tree,
Ties on a gift for you and me.
Then with eyes all a-twinkle he's up and away,
For his work must be done before peep of day.

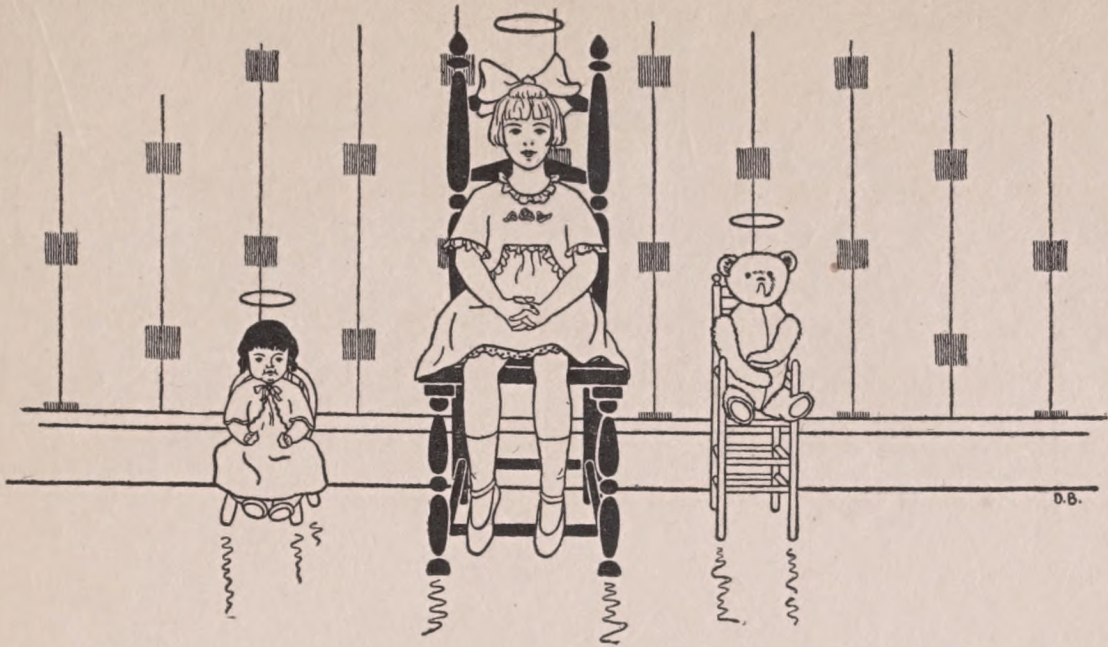
In the morning his labors we greet with a shout,
For we've found what his "twinkle" was all about.
Guess it's not hard for anyone to remember
What comes every year the Twenty-fifth of December.

.

We must not forget the Heavenly Stranger,
Who on this day was born in a manger,
Nor the gifts He brought us: Peace—Good Will—
By letting that spirit our Christmas-tide fill—

And so make this day mean to me and to you
What God in His fullness meant it to do;
Make it help bring the Star and Shepherds near,
This day that crowns each passing year.





JUST BEING GOOD

We play a game,
Could you guess its name,
If we tell you how we do it?

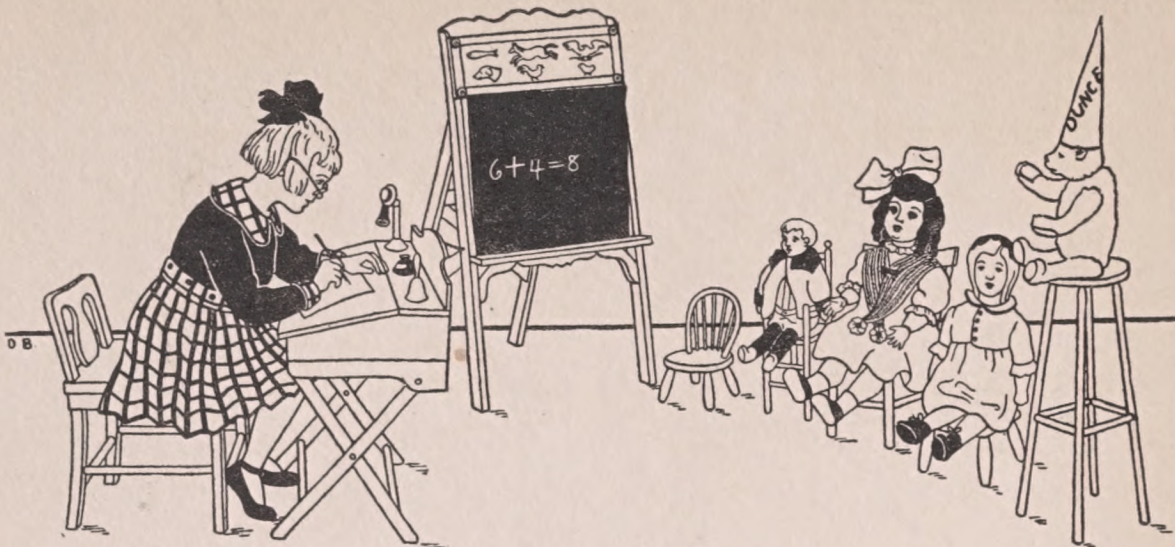
It's a jolly game,
For it never grows tame,
If you don't learn how, you'll rue it.

It can be played by all,
Both great and small,
The first thing to do is "Go to it."

And although it sounds "thin,"
Everybody can win;
I don't see why everyone doesn't do it.

And the prize—well, I say,
Doesn't happiness pay?
Guess everyone has sometime tried to woo it.

This game if you would,
Play with me—you could!
Jolly sport, Being Good, if you knew it.



SCHOOL

[REAL AND AT PLAY]

The bell has rung, and school's begun,
Now for lessons—no more fun
Till recess time, then out we'll run
For pickles and a penny bun.
Back again and then we'll be
In time to say our A B C;
And after we spell C-A-T cat,
We'll have some 'rithmetic top o' that,
'Nif we don't get our lessons, and should fail only once,
We must sit on a stool 'n wear a cap like a Dunce.

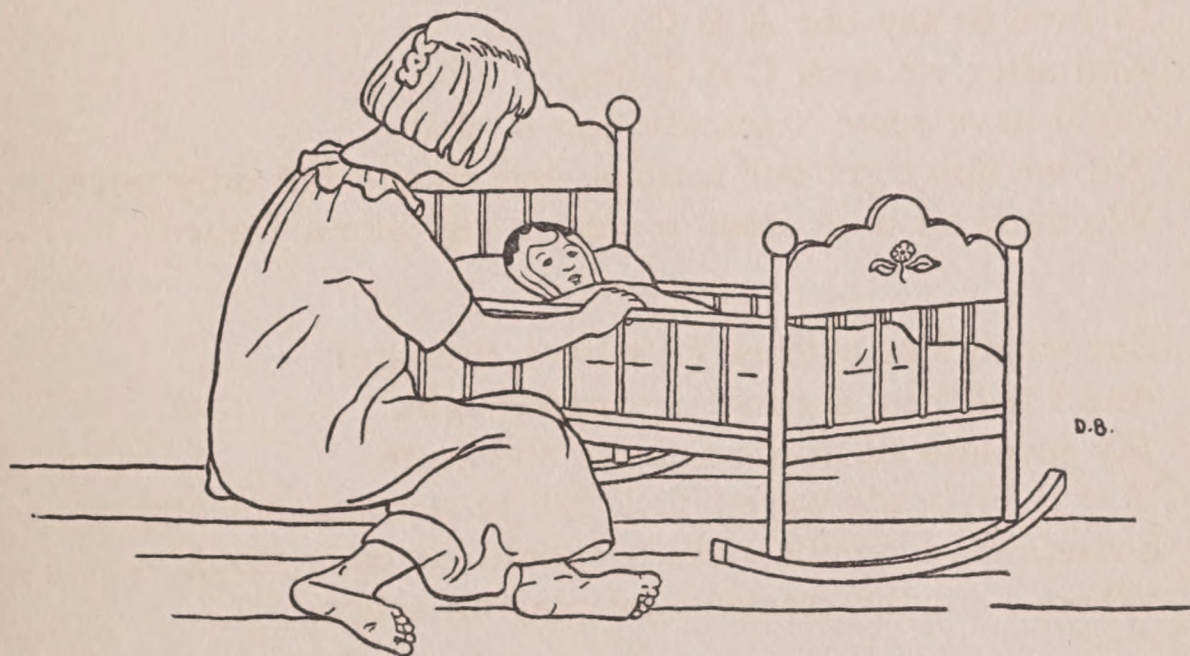
But when I'm teacher (it's hard to state)
And I tell them six and four make eight,
My scholars sit in their chairs and stare
'S if their heads were chuck full of nothing but air!
Sometimes I wonder which should sit on a stool,
When I am the teacher and playing school!



CRIBS AND CRADLES

Night-time and Nighties,
Cradles and Cribs,
Sleepy-time Stories,
Wee Folks 'fessing Fibs.
Little Prayers wending,
A Perfect Day ending.

Love-light in Mother's Eyes,
Her Voice crooning Lullabies,
To Babies or Dollies,
Be She Young or Old,
A Mother's a Mother,
So I am told.



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